

THE ISIS

TONIGHT'S PROGRAM

"When Old New York was Young."
Vita-graph.
The Face at the Window.—Bio-graph.
Fortune' Fool. All On Account of the Laundry Mark.—Edison.
Song—Good Night, Moonlight.

Beautiful dishes given to lady patrons of the matinee. See display in lobby.

ADMISSION 10c

LOCAL ITEMS.

Agent J. H. Keeney is fishing for day or two on the Minam.

Mrs. Hazel Huron of Imbler is suffering with an attack of typhoid fever.

James Buggs, the paper hanger, is home from a business trip to points west.

Mrs. Starcher, wife of Dispatcher Starcher, has gone to Hot Lake for treatment.

Mrs. Lee Tuttle, wife of the Elgin editor, spent last night with relatives in this city.

Archie Bacon leaves tomorrow morning for Joseph to spend a week fishing and boating.

Councilman George Kreiger went to Hot Lake today, where he will spend a few days resting.

Miss Judith Snodgrass arrived last evening from Colfax and will visit for a few days with relatives in this city.

Mrs. Charles Dunn and daughter, Miss Laura, left this morning for

Walla Walla to spend a few days visiting friends and relatives.

Adolph Newlin and Editor Eckles returned this afternoon from Minam, where they have been spending a few days fishing.

Special Agent Gust A. Loeygren of the United States land office department is here today transacting land office business.

Attorney and Mrs. C. E. Cochran left last evening for Portland where they will spend a few days transacting business and visiting friends.

L. L. Dipple, a prominent special agent for insurance companies, with headquarters at Boise, is in La Grande today on business matters.

Conductor Al Ray went out to Joseph today to select a favorable spot to camp on and he will return later in the week to take his family out.

Attorney T. H. Crawford went to Enterprise this morning to attend to some legal matters pertaining to the coming term of circuit court in this city.

Mrs. G. T. Fleming, who has been critically ill for some time, was taken to the Grande Ronde hospital this morning in the Bussey ambulance.

The little baby of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt on N. avenue is much improved. The child is not afflicted with myelitis, as erroneously reported yesterday.

Mrs. G. E. Adams, wife of a prominent Umatilla sheepman, was in the city this morning on her way home from Joseph where she was a guest with her father Ben Wells.

Mr. Jasper and party of Baker City, arrived this morning from Cave, where they have been visiting at the home of George Jasper. They are touring Union county in their Buick.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Watson and daughter, Miss Dorothy, the Portland guests of the McCall family here, left today for Lostine and from there they go to Joseph to join the McCall camping party.

C. F. Hockett and George Wyatt,

Rev. Frank E. Gray returned today from a hurried trip to Enterprise.

Bill Aulyn, the Elgin baseball twirler, is a business visitor in the city this afternoon.

J. M. Harris of Blackfoot, Idaho, is in the city today on business interests both of Enterprise, were La Grande visitors this afternoon.

E. L. Barlow of Chester, Iowa, and B. A. Barlow of Park Hill, South Dakota, two brothers, are here looking for land and timber.

Mrs. Walter Henry and son came to La Grande this afternoon to look after business matters. Mr. and Mrs. Henry are now living at Elgin prior to moving out to their farm near that place, recently purchased.

Trading Light Engines.

Engine No. 113 has been sent to Starbuck, and engine 175 has been received here in return for light work such as the Joseph run.

SHOWS IN LONDON

Crowds That Gather to Secure Seats in the Pit.

A LONG WAIT FOR TICKETS.

The Line, Orderly and Well Dressed, Begins to Form as Early as 5 o'clock in the Afternoon and in Case of a Popular Play Even Earlier.

In the better London theaters it costs 2s. 6d. to go into the pit, which, relatively speaking, is a good sum to pay for a half dollar in New York isn't much better than a shilling in London when it comes to purchasing value.

The pit crowd begins to assemble as early as 5 o'clock in the afternoon and in cases of a great success even earlier than that. My first experience as a plitite occurred in London one summer night two years ago, when, after vain efforts to buy, borrow, beg or steal stalls for a popular play, writes Adolph Klausner in the Green Book, I finally decided to see it from the pit. When I arrived at the theater, about 5 o'clock one Saturday afternoon, I found there was already a long line of men and boys and women, the foremost with face glued to the pit door and the line extending far beyond the narrow passageway to the street in front of the theater. Now, with every desire in the world to send my New York constituency some news of this great reigning success and not without some curiosity of my own I was still far from willing to cool my heels for the best part of three hours until the doors should open.

I turned and found a newsboy at my elbow.

"I'll 'old your place for you, sir," he repeated. "What time 'll you be back?"

It was then that I discovered for the first time this London institution, the place holder at the door of the pit, one of the many means by which one of the struggling unemployed or of the poorly paid seeks to add a few shillings to his meager, frugal income. There was no risk involved. The boy was quick to note the foreigner.

"It'll be all right, sir," he said in his cheerful cockney way. "Is the lady coming too? Me and me friend 'll stand in line, and all you'll have to do will be to change places with us when you come around tonight. Only a shillin' apiece. It's worth it, sir, not to have to wait."

At 7 o'clock we were back in the narrow court, but long before I had been able to disentangle my boy from the dozen or so others, all looking very much alike, his cheerful tones greeted me with "Ere you are, sir, 'ere you are, and you and the lady 'll get in the first row if you look sharp when you pass the door."

"Gee-rusalem," I muttered as we dropped into the interstices left by the departing boys. "a good half hour to wait—or more."

But, after all, I found the waiting far from tedious.

Hawkers of fruit and chocolate passed along the line, finding ready buyers among the waiting patrons of the pit, and every few minutes some new vaudeville faker out of work would come along to entertain the crowd with tumbling, dancing, stings or imitations. First a juggler appeared, and when a bobby sent him spinning faster than his plates and balls a contortionist took his place, spread a ragged carpet mat and began to turn himself inside out while the newsboys and shop girls going home from work shouted encouragement and appreciation. Finally the bobby ordered him to "move on," but not until a generous shower of pennies had fallen on the mat. The next man to appear carried a valise from which he produced wigs, crimped hair and several false noses. His entertainment consisted of imitations of composers. "famous," he called them, but "infamous" they really were. He was not encouraged, either, for the

pit line knew good from bad and wasn't to be parted from its pennies without proper value in return.

The crowd was genial, orderly, well dressed, and when the doors were opened finally I expected a headlong rush. But there was not the slightest suggestion of a scramble—a little congestion naturally at the narrow entrance, where a smiling, good natured bobby remarked quite pleasantly:

"Now, then, go easy—just the same as you went into church last Sunday—if you did go."

Then a short passage up a flight of narrow stairs, past a little cubbyhole where the tickets are handed out after you have duly deposited your two-and-six, into the theater and ready for the play.

Nine Points in Law.

A three-year-old was being made ready for a bath, much to her discomfort, as she heartily disliked soap and water. "Don't dit water in my eyes," she said, "and don't dit soap in my nose."

Thinking to quiet her, her mother said, "Never mind, Dorothy; it's my nose, anyway."

"Well, I don't care," replied Dorothy, with feeling; "it's me that's using it."—Delineator.

His Revenge.

"You shouldn't have proposed to me," she said gently. "You might have known I'd refuse you."

"I did know," he said savagely. "or I wouldn't have proposed."—Baltimore American.

The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it; not having it, to confess your ignorance.—Confucius.

Height of Extravagance.

Simon Legree (between acts, A. D. 1917)—Speaking of the good old days in actordom, why, I can remember the time when western audiences used to shower us with gold and silver.

Little Eva—The pikers! Why, I recall the period when all kinds of vegetables—and even eggs—were thrown on the stage with lavish hand!—Puck.

Caught in the Rush.

"My poor man," said the sympathetic woman, "and how came you to be crippled for life?"

"I'll tell you, madam," replied the beggar. "Once I spent my vacation at a summer hotel, and I was trampled down trying to get into the dining room after the first bell."—Detroit Free Press.

THE "THIRD DEGREE"

Ethics of the Process as Defined by Inspector Byrnes.

"The 'third degree,'" said Inspector Byrnes, the former chief of detectives, "should be a psychic rather than a physical process. It is not remorse brought about by continual thought upon the heinousness of his crime that drives a guilty man to confession. It is the nervous strain involved in a long effort to maintain his pretense of innocence, while he is in constant fear that the police are in possession of evidence that may prove his guilt. Something like a parallel case would be that of a prizefighter who should surmise that his antagonist was playing with him in the ring while capable of sending in a knockout blow at any time he felt so inclined. Apprehension that he was dealing with conditions of the nature of which he was unaware would eventually weaken the man in that case. Tell a suspected man who is guilty that you have evidence of his guilt and that he will get nothing to eat or will not be permitted to sleep until he confesses, and unless he is a particularly stupid fellow he will know that you have no proof against him and are only trying to get it. For instance, show him ostentatiously the weapon with which he may have killed a man and tell him that you know all about the crime and he would better confess it. He will say to himself, 'They haven't got sufficient evidence to convict me and are trying to make me furnish it, for if they had the evidence they wouldn't care whether I confessed or not,' and thus he will be encouraged to hold out. Also, if he does confess under duress, he makes a false confession, which he knows it will be impossible to corroborate."

"Now, a guilty man in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is not sure that he has covered every trace of his crime, and he may readily be put into the state of mind of the man in Poe's story of 'The Telltale Heart,' wherein he can't help believing that proof of his guilt has been discovered and that his cross examiners are mocking him by pretending not to be aware of it. Let the guilty man catch sight of an implement with which his crime is associated in the possession of the police, which he believes has been unintentionally left where he sees it, and it throws him into a panic, because he does not know how they came by the weapon nor what else they may have discovered demonstrating his guilt in getting hold of it. Perhaps he has concocted a story in his mind which the discovery of this weapon renders implausible, and he mentally puts it together and rejects one sequence of lies after another, wondering whether it is safe to take chances on this bit of

information or that being not in the possession of the police. Then he is overwhelmed every few moments by the thought that everything is known and all his efforts are useless. The guilty man in this condition is no longer normal, and his collapse is only a matter of time."—Frank Marshall White in Harper's Weekly.

He Had Reformed.

A young man who was an enthusiastic lover of nature went to the seaside for a holiday and, approaching a typical fisherman, said:

"Ah, my friend, how well you must know the face of nature and know it in its many moods! Have you ever seen the sun sinking in such a glare of glory that it swallows up the horizon with fire? Have you not seen the mist gliding down the shrinking hillside like a specter?"

And, very excited and throwing out his arms, he continued:

"Have you never seen, my man, the moon struggling to shake off the ragged, rugged storm cloud?"

The fisherman replied, "No, sir; I have not since I signed the pledge."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Little Ambiguous.

The Ingrahams were entertaining two friends at dinner. After Mr. Ingraham had helped them to roast beef he happened to glance at the other end of the table, where his wife sat, and observed, to his horror, that the sugar bowl was the old one, with both handles broken off, that usually graced the dining table on wash days.

It vainly endeavored by mysterious ploys and winks to direct Mrs. Ingraham's attention to it. She either did not see or would not see the mutilated piece of queensware, and his patience gave way at last.

"Cornelia," he said, with some sharpness, "do you think we ought to use a sugar bowl when we have company without ears on?"—Youth's Companion.

Suspicious.

"Let me show you 'Love Letters of Wise Men,'" said the clerk in the book emporium.

"Are they signed?" asked the cautious bookworm.

"Yes, indeed, every one of them." "Then they must be forgeries. Wise men never sign their names to love letters."—Chicago News.

The High Water Mark.

Mrs. Robinson—And were you up the Rhine? Mrs. De Jones (just returned from a continental trip)—I should think so, right to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit!—New York World.

An Unwelcome Discovery.

Post—I discovered today that Parker and I have a common ancestor. Mrs. Post (a Colonial Dame)—For goodness' sake don't tell any one!—Brooklyn Life.

In the hands of many wealth is like a harp in the hoofs of an ass.—Martin Luther.

When the Brethren Cry Amen. When I'm prayin' loud in meetin' fer myself and feller men Don't think the angels near me 'ass the brethren cry "Amen!"

I'm wantin' that indorsement, an' I noller louder then, Fer I know the angels near me when the brethren cry "Amen!"

It sorter keeps you thinkin' that you're doin' 'er best An' wakin' all the echoes from the ringin east to west.

It's a fine, refreshin' season to a feller's spirit then, An' I know my pra'r's ascendin' when the brethren cry "Amen!" —Frank Stanton.

English.

"A Brooklyn judge says all women are not angels." "He ought to study English composition."

"What has English composition got to do with it?" "The judge evidently meant to say that not all women are angels. In this I agree with him. I have two ex-wives who are still living." "Do you mean still living or living still?" "No; I mean living yet."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Aftermath.

Fluffy Ruffles swashes and muffs Up her fragile form; Sneezing, grunting, she is hunting For a spot that's warm.

Fluffy Ruffles coughs and snuffles In distressing way; But, by thunder, 'tis no wonder! She was queen of May. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

No Chance of Departing.

The editor looked out of his office window. In a nearby locust tree was an aeroplane twisted and tangled in a way that would require a cyclone to extricate it. "Ah," chuckled the rural editor sardonically, "I'll write off a little article entitled 'The Aeroplane Has Come to Stay.'"—Chicago News.

The Rooters' Cry.

Stout batmen and a pitcher skilled, Keen fielders, basemen full of steam, And then we want the umpi—oh, bully for you! Make it a homer! Run, run! Hi, yi, yi! Oh, my! Oh, my! I guess that's going some! What? —Buffalo Express.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received at the office of the recorder of the City of La Grande, for the construction of 520 lineal feet of standard five-foot sidewalk on "C" avenue, to be done according to the plans and specifications on file in this office. Said work abutts lots 9-10-11 and 12 in Block 1-D, lots 5-6-7, and 8 in Block 2-D, and Lots 1-2, Block 2-C, of the original town of La Grande. All bids to be in by 4 o'clock p. m., July 20, and to be accompanied by a check of 5 per cent of the amount of the bid. The council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

D. E. COX, Recorder of the City of La Grande. J13-18

Notice to Public.

The ordinance passed in regard to property owners cleaning their property of weeds, will be strictly enforced. J. W. Waldon, chief of police.

Notice.

Any loose stock in the city will be taken to the pound at once. Phone Black 3721. G. W. FARRIS, Poundmaster

Sale on For New Town Site.

The plat of survey for the new town site of Evans, situated adjoining the depot grounds at Lostine, has been accepted by the county officials and the sale of lots is now on. If you wish to get in on the ground floor, now is your opportunity.

Phone or write Couch & McDonald, at Wallowa, Oregon, as they have the handling of the entire tract. COUCH & McDONALD. B. J.

Bert Wilson, for several years deputy sheriff of Umatilla county, has accepted the position with the claim department of the O. R. & N., and is in Eastern Oregon today. He is accompanied by Fred Day, also of the claim department.

Bankrupt Stock for Sale.

I will receive bids at any time or before the 19th day of July, for the general merchandise stock of goods at Allec, belonging to the bankrupt estate of B. F. Webb. The stock and inventory can be examined at any time by making appointment with the trustee at Allec.

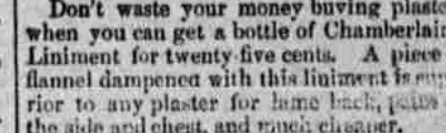
CHAS. PLAYLE, Trustee.

For Sale.

Second hand furniture for sale, party leaving before August 1, 1401, corner 6th and N.

Canteleup Sundie today at Selder's.

Don't waste your money buying plasters when you can get a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment for twenty-five cents. A piece of flannel dampened with this liniment is superior to any plaster for lumb back, pain in the side and chest, and much cheaper.



DR. MENDELSSOHN'S GLASSES GIVE THE BEST RESULTS. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY IN EVERY RESPECT.

DR. M. P. MENDELSSOHN DOCTOR OF OPTICS PERMANENTLY LOCATED AT 1105 ADAMS AVE., OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

OFFICE HOURS 8:30 a. m. to 12 m.; 1 to 5 p. m. EVENINGS BY APPOINTMENT

SOMEBODY

is going to be disappointed when the five-acre tracts we have been offering you are all gone, and they are, all but two.

We have some fine buys in residence lots at \$125.00 each; \$25.00 down and \$5.00 a month. Better Investigate these.

Bell Phone, Red 801 Independent 262

LA GRANDE Inv. CO., Foley Hotel Bld., La Grande

The Airdome

Thomas Bruce, Manager.

TO-NIGHT!

Ethel Tucker Stock Co.

"How Baxter Butted In"

If You Use

GOLD LEAF

Brand of Butter

You use the Best